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JUNE, 194

The Liberalist

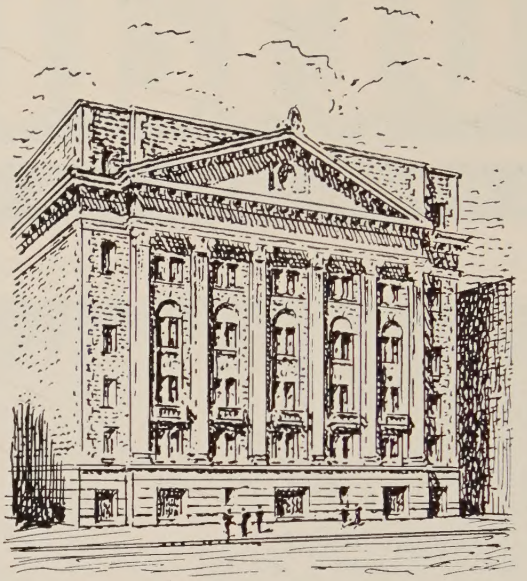
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Gendreau

A Garden Prayer

That we are mortals and on earth must dwell
Thou knowest, Allah, and didst give us bread—
And remembering of our souls didst give us food of flowers—
Thy name be hallowed.

Thomas Walsh



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

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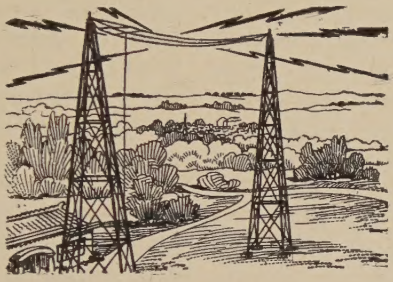

Dr. Bradley's Summer Radio Schedule

During the summer Dr. Bradley will be heard by electrical transcription

Every Sunday
11:00 to 11:15 a. m. – WJJD

Dr. Bradley will be in Europe this summer and will make three trans-Atlantic broadcasts

See page 24 for Peoples Church Activities.

The Church Office will remain open during the summer.

"AMERICA'S RENDEZVOUS WITH DESTINY"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
May 19, 1946 ("I Am An American" Day)

"THERE are many things in this life of which we cannot be sure, but there is one thing in this life of which each of us can be sure, and that is that we have a destiny; there isn't any possibility of any individual ever having been born and lived in the world without that individual having a destiny. How much we can control that destiny becomes one of the major problems of life and there are many evidences of that in individual living. There are a great many people who leave that destiny to luck or circumstance, but whatever we think about it we have a destiny. The final date of every life in this Church this morning, or listening to me, will one day be written, and our destiny upon this plane will have been accomplished, our life will have been lived, the record will have been made. None of us may know what that date is, or when that day will be, but of one thing we are certain, that destiny will be performed. And what is true of you and of me as individuals is likewise true of every nation. An individual is but the epitome of the nation, and the nation is amenable to the same laws which characterize individual development. My country too must have a destiny, your country and mine, just as each of us, as an individual, has a destiny to fulfill, and one which cannot be avoided—not a person will ever be able to avoid that destiny. I cannot escape tomorrow, neither can you. I cannot run away from the inexorable verdict of what the things I do now will do to the tomorrow of my life. Our tomorrows are but the accumulation of our todays and everything that will happen to me tomorrow is created out of the today of my lfe.

So it is with my nation. We cannot escape this destiny collectively as millions of human beings, of human hearts; the United States of America has a destiny too. Dare we, with the little limitations of our own intellectual horizons, conditioned and governed by our own little evidences of intolerance and prejudice and hate . . . dare we make an effort this morning on this historic day to see if we can remove ourselves from all the hectic currents that run through our contemporary days and all the raucous voices and all the confusion and chaos and the uncertainty, the pausity of leadership . . . dare we take a glance into that future? Dare we try to see America's rendezvous with destiny? We have one, you know, and it will be conditioned by today, not tomorrow.

One of the most commonplace things which you and I face in this business of living our own lives from day to day is the constant reminder of the past experience, and the inevitable impotency of the memory of that experience to divert us from repeating our mistakes. One of the most interesting things about individual development is that we are aware, we have memory, we recall mistakes we have made, we know the wrong things that we have done, it is all very clearly outlined in front of us, and in spite of all that, there is tragedy

after tragedy, tragedy after tragedy, because individuals do not profit by their past mistakes. It is a very universal thing for a man to say, "Oh, I should have known better." It is a very universal thing for a woman to remark, "Well, I should have known better." I have known men to find themselves in terrible jams of one sort or another, in great difficulties, and inevitably as I have talked with them and tried to help them, sooner or later they would turn to me and say, "Well, Doctor Bradley, I should have known better." Well, of course, you should. And most of us, when we say, "I should have known better," have vividly implanted upon our consciousness the results of our own mistakes, and yet we go right on repeating them until I sometimes wish I could find a sort of key which, at that certain moment in the life of the individual, would reveal or unlock with tremendous power and certainty the inevitable glimpse at the future and what that future would be like if they did not obey the dictates of past experience. Sometimes I think one of the finest things we could ever find out would be how to help a human life that has passed through tragic and difficult experiences and may be gotten on solid ground again, beginning to recapture the enthusiasms of living life beautifully and living it well—how to help them over that moment of unguarded weakness, when the whole thing again crashes about them in a colossal tragedy of chaos and tears, and then they say, "I should have known better." Of course they should. Of course.

Now, what about the United States of America? Let us apply this same law of the development of the individual to the life of the nation. Let us not think of our nation as a segregated group of provincial and local self-interests. That is very largely what it has become, until the pressure of pressure groups on our own legislative program for the nation has become of such a vicious character that everything that is done in Washington is done almost entirely with some kind of a conception of what some pressure group wants. There is very little consideration being paid to the great mass of the American people. Sometimes I wish there was someone who could speak for the consumers, for instance, of the nation, those who pay the bills of the nation, the great rank and file of the people of the nation, *THE HUNDRED MILLION WHO ARE NOT A PART OF THE OTHER FORTY MILLION WITH THEIR SPECIAL LOCAL INTERESTS!* There are plenty of people in the nation and plenty of dollars, and plenty of publicity and plenty of activities for the National Association of Manufacturers. The manufacturers of the nation are not having any difficulty making their cause articulate to the people of the nation, are they? They can buy $5,000.00-a-day pages in the newspapers of the nation and get their message to the people. They have access to the millions of dollars which it costs for radio time. They have a great power-pressure group. I am not discussing the rightness of their message, nor its wrongness, I am speaking of it in terms of opportunity to get what they have to say to the public. Labor does not have a very difficult time getting its message and its problems presented to the public. There are great labor organizational activities, tremendous funds, leadership and ability in which labor is able to present its cause to the people. Agriculture does not have any too difficult a time. I think agriculture is being probably more badly treated than most any other group in the picture, but I am speaking about the power of special

groups who have specific and provincial interests. It does not require any great penetration or analysis of the contemporary scene to see that. In Congress itself the manufacturers' representatives from certain meat-growing places of the West and certain mining interests of the coastal cities have an opportunity in their own specific organizational activities to stand for certain things in which the economic stability of the country is involved. It is not difficult for the cotton interests of the South to have an opportunity in which their voices can be heard up and down the land. The textile interests in the East are pretty well taken care of. Why, the whole situation is one in which emphasis is constantly being placed on the individual group's individual self-interest. Agriculture! Labor! Capital! Money, dollars! Hams! Until, conspicuous by their absence, are the voices and groups and organizations that are specifically interested, not in the superiority or power of any one segment of American life, but interested in the problem from the point of view of the millions, and millions, and millions of Americans for whom nobody seems to be talking and for whom nobody seems to be very much concerned. They are the victims that "pay up, shut up, or vote" and it is mostly "shut up" until the common destiny which this country has for dignity and greatness is being jeopardized by selfish interests who are concerned more with their own pockets than they are with the welfare of this blessed nation! That is why I believe we ought to have a renaissance in America of our sense of common destiny.

When will labor understand, when will capital understand, when will agriculture understand, that what finally happens to any one of these will finally happen to them all; that there is no such thing any longer in America as one group, or one special interest, riding to victory and power and maintaining that victory and preserving that power and doing it alone? That is finished; that is through. If we are to maintain the economic and industrial integrity of this nation, upon which its idealism can be fostered and projected, it will not be by the revival in America of special interests who get into blind alleys, and who, because of faulty and incompetent leadership, get the nation out to the borderline of stagnation, confusion and of chaos. Think of the potentiality of this nation! I wonder sometimes how much more disillusionment we can stand! We have had three great collapses in the conception of our own future and our own potentiality in 25 years. I don't know how many more we can stand. I know that in an individual's life, the individual cannot take too many psychical disturbances of ideals: he cracks. I know in the life of the individual when an individual is thwarted and frustrated and becomes disillusioned, confused and chaotic, and yet that individual has dreams and ideals for himself, or herself, and constantly sees these ideals being defeated, thwarted and frustrated, while the soul speaks out hungry for victory, for beauty, for life, and yet life pounds and pounds against the individual and there is a repetition of frustrations and defeats, soon there is a smashup! Our asylums are full of it, crowded full with personalities who could not take another one. I don't know how many more the United States of America as an integrated unit in world society can take. We have stood on the mountain peak, we have looked out across the broad plateaus and valleys of our own nation, we have seen not an acre of our land polluted by the chemistry of war, not an acre of our productivity

touched, not a factory wheel in an American industrial plant smashed, not a roof off the top of any factory in America. We have utilized the finest intellect in executive capacities and produced some of the finest men in the field of executive activity the nation has ever seen, men who could go to the task and by their ingenuity and genius develop a technique of production and distribution by the hands of labor, capital and investment until we could make five, ten, twenty thousand planes a month in the greatest era of industrial activity the world has ever seen, and these days, in the presence of that capacity to produce such as we have known, we cannot find a way to build houses or roofs over the heads of the men who fought and bled in this war to give America a chance to make a decent nation and a decent world. We have failed! We can make millions of things, transport them, ship them, send them . . . when we cannot build homes for our own soldiers! Time-limited, thwarted, red tape, technicalities, labor troubles, capital troubles, every kind of trouble, and *WE CANNOT FIND A WAY TO DO THE JOB!* Not a factory disturbed, not a wheel broken in this America, and here we are paralyzed with fear, afraid of ourselves, wondering what can happen next. *PARALYZED WITH FEAR, WITH MORE CAPACITY FOR PRODUCTION PUT IN THE HANDS OF LABOR AND CAPITAL THAN THE NATION HAS EVER HAD OR KNOWN,* with our dollars gradually going out of sight with about a 40 cent dollar now, perhaps we will have a 30 cent dollar in another month, and by the first of November a 25 cent dollar, and by the first of next January somebody may be trying to find any kind of a dollar at all in the sorry, absurd situation of a nation that has got everything, everything! *EVERYTHING!*

Ah, in these closing moments, a bit of pure fantasy, I can see Hitler and Mussolini, both of them. I can see them far up . . . don't have any implication now that I am thinking either of them are very high up whatsoever, but, just as a matter of the fanciful, I can see Mussolini and Hitler this morning high enough for them to look down upon this earth. I can hear Hitler's raucous, angry voice shout out as it did to the multitudes in Berlin in a never-to-be-forgotten address: *"Let the democracies win this war—they may win it—but they will destroy each other with the victory, because they will begin to fight each other over the spoils!"* Do you remember that speech? I do. I heard it. That's what Adolf Hitler said. How do you like it? And I can imagine off somewhere looking down upon this world today, smiling, laughing, gleeful is Hitler . . . somewhere perhaps, for the dead don't die. What about his friend Benito, you remember what he said when he visited Hitler at the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin and made a speech. Well, I repeat the words of Benito for you. Mussolini said: (I can almost give you an imitation of him, he was a powerful personality when he got his hands on his hips and his chin up) but here is what he said: *"Those weak, sniveling, degenerate democratic nations, if they win the war, will not last fifty years!"* How do you like that? I want to make Hitler and Mussolini tremble this morning and not laugh! I want to prove them both liars. That's America's rendezvous with destiny! That is our job! With their propaganda they will make you hate this, that and the other, hate Britain, hate Russia, hate Jews, hate Catholics! I see Doctor Francis Townsend in the congregation this morning. Why, Doc-

tor, they will even make you hate old people! They will do everything in the world to create hate, Hate, HATE! Apostles of hate are loose in the world! Let us defend ourselves, as indeed we can, and keep America's rendezvous with destiny.

In the play "State of the Nation," in a beautiful, dramatic moment, Mary Mathews, wife of a potential candidate for the presidency of the United States, faces the group surrounding him at a dinner party. After all the prejudice, intolerance, appeal to class distinction and racial groups, territorial borderlines, accumulated self-interest, everything that they think means more votes and stands in the way of peace, Mary Mathews with a deep, tremulous emotion in her voice, stands and defiantly says to them: "All of you are talking about the next war; when will someone talk about the next generation?"

AMERICA FIRST!

(From Thomas Curtis Clark's Anthology "The New Patriotism"—read by Dr. Bradley on "I Am An American" Sunday)

Not merely in matters material, but in things of the spirit.

Not merely in science, inventions, motors and sky-scrapers, but also in ideals, principles, character.

Not merely in the calm assumption of rights, but in the glad assumption of duties.

Not flaunting in her strength as a giant, but bending in helpfulness over a sick and wounded world like a Good Samaritan.

Not in splendid isolation, but in courageous cooperation.

Not in pride, arrogance and disdain of other races and peoples, but in sympathy, love and understanding.

Not in treading again the old, worn, bloody pathway which ends inevitably in chaos and disaster, but in blazing a new trail along which, please God, other nations will follow into a new Jerusalem where wars shall be no more.

Some day some nation must take that path—unless we are to lapse once again into utter barbarism—and that honor I covet for my beloved America.

And so, in this spirit and with these hopes, I say with all my heart and soul, "America First!"

—*G. Ashton Oldham*

The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

BECAUSE June is the time for commencements and graduation, and our young people are a great deal in our thoughts, I want to tell you of a letter I received recently which I believe should be of interest to a great many people, because it demonstrates the constructive interest of young people of today in the problems of the world. We are so apt to judge of our youth by a few isolated cases, and sometimes and all too often we pick the worst cases instead of the best, that I am always happy to tell of the fine things our young people are doing.

The young people at Northwestern University have a United Nations Organization of their own and I received a letter from Joyce Arnoff of Evanston, telling me about this group. Here is her letter:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—Our campus United Nations is the result of a cooperative effort of a number of campus organizations, such as the class councils, the YMCA, YWCA, the International Relations Club, and the veterans' organization. It is sponsored by our student government. Various housing units represent member and non-member nations. The delegates are acting in what they consider to be the best interests of that country and the world. We have some hard-bitten realists as well as Utopian planners. Our organization has been operating since January. The week of April 22 to April 26, was the culmination of events. Mr. Harley Notter, special adviser on United Nations affairs to President Truman, addressed the General Assembly on Monday, April 22. Mr. Ralph Bunche, associate chief of division of dependent areas of the state department, technical adviser to U. N. spoke to the students Thursday, April 25. Senator Claude Pepper was our guest, Friday, April 26.

Our activities have included extensive research and numerous meetings of the various commissions and the Security Council. Our United Nations has admitted to membership Japan, Italy, Hungary, Rumania, Afghanistan, Switzerland, Finland, Indonesia. Palestine and Germany will be admitted after they have held free elections. Nations have presented disputes pending and possible. For instance, we handled the Spanish and Iranian disputes. In addition we dealt with a suit by Brazil

to remove foreign commercial holdings. Another suit was brought by Rumania for removal of Russian "domination." Oh, we have handled all manner of ticklish situations, real and hypothetical.

"The following are some of the amendments to the U. N. charter which have passed the General Assembly: (1) Nations may maintain only those armed forces necessary for the maintenance of domestic peace and order. (2) No nations may declare any areas strategic. (3) Compulsory jurisdiction in international matters given to the International Court of Justice. In addition, the General Assembly recommended: (1) Abolition of the veto power. (2) Bestowing of broad world legislative powers on the General Assembly. These recommendations were not ratified by the nations. We wonder if the information we have included will not be of interest to your listeners, especially since we have many veterans participating. We shall be glad to supply any added details you may wish. Sincerely yours, Joyce Arnoff."

These young people have been holding a United Nations Conference of their own, discussing and treating of world problems, hearing from authoritative speakers, and thinking out loud for themselves on these great issues. No mere armchair strategists, these young people, but bravely and courageously and publicly working among their own group with all the mental powers at their command. I felt this letter should be an inspiration to every oldster who might read it. P. B.

OVER A TON OF FOOD SENT TO EUROPE FROM UNITARIAN RALLY HELD AT PEOPLES CHURCH

DR. Frederick M. Eliot, of Boston, Massachusetts, President of the American Unitarian Association, distinguished clergyman and educator, was the guest speaker at a great citywide Rally of Liberals and Free Christians held at the Peoples Church Sunday night, April 28. It was a most inspiring evening.

Seated on the platform with Dr. Bradley, in addition to President Eliot, were Rev. Leslie T. Pennington, Minister of First Unitarian Society of Chicago; John Nicholls Booth, Church of All Souls (Unitarian), of Evanston; Robert S. Turner, of Unitarian Church of Hinsdale; Dr. James M. Yard, of the Chicago Round Table of Christians and Jews; Dr. Homer Jack, Executive Secretary, Chicago Council Against Racial Discrimination; Rev. Randall S. Hilton, Secretary, Western Unitarian Conference, and Mr. Arthur B. Hewson, President of the Chicago Unitarian Council; also Rev. Matti Erkkila and his wife, Rev. Mrs. Milma Lappala Erkkila, pastor of the Independent Liberal Christian Church of Angora, Minnesota.

Each of the guests was introduced by Dr. Bradley and contributed interesting remarks, but all awaited with eagerness the address of Dr. Eliot, who spoke on "The Advance of Unitarianism." Dr. Eliot had a most encouraging report from the field in general from both the small and larger churches. Perhaps one of the most potent thoughts carried away from the meeting was Dr. Eliot's assurance that

the Unitarians, though outnumbered by many other religions in actual total church membership, are nevertheless in very effective key spots in the world in the present crucial hour; that they have been asked to build and establish a child's home in Czecho Slovakia and that all the other children's homes in that country will be modeled after it.

Every member of the audience had been asked to bring food and clothing to the meeting. Over a ton of canned goods was donated aand was shipped out immediately to Europe. The Unitarian Service Committee is equipped to get food to Europe with greater despatch than any other group. This fact, Dr. Eliot explained, makes every pound of food they send worth two pounds, because of the urgent need for haste in delivery. In addition to the food, 800 pounds of clothing was contributed, and gifts of money are still coming in to the church office.

The Peoples Church sent a check for $1,000 and the Professional and Business Woman's Club cancelled its customary Annual Dinner from the year's Club Program, and donated $25 to the Service Committee, and plans to increase this donation.

This meeting was a great inspiration to all who attended. E.W.S.

"IF"

THERE is one word in the English language which I consider very important, and the equivalent of that word in any language is important. It's a very small word of only two letters, but it is one of the most significant and important of all of our words. Perhaps some of you have guessed what it is—it's the little word "if." This little word plays a most important part in our lives. If you were just to sit down and entertain yourself by going over your own life, and injecting into every important experience the phrase "What would have happened if," you will be amazed at what you will discover. "What would have happened if" and then fill in the blank with something that was apparently almost incidentally certain, but which at the moment seemed to be insignificant—but what would it have done to your life? What has this little word done to mine? Just look back to some of the experiences which changed your whole future, which changed your entire outlook, and you will see what I mean. Sometimes these experiences happen quickly and suddenly—a flash of lightning from a clear sky, and life is never again the same. The fact of the matter is that good psychology is now demonstrating that some of the experiences which have the greatest effect upon our individual lives, are the experiences which come quickly, suddenly, and are of only a temporary duration. The whole of life changed in the twinkling of an eye! And why not!

I could relate to you hundreds of explanations, excuses and alibis which always begin with an IF. IF I had money—IF I had a pull—IF I had any luck—IF I would get a break—IF I had a good education—IF I had good health—IF I only had time. It is all endless—this IF business.

At a time when we are all busier than we have ever been before, perhaps one of the most common IF'S of all is, "IF I only had time!" I have long ago discovered that the people who have time in this world are the people who are the busiest, while the well-known saying "If you want to get

something done, ask a busy person to do it," is invariably true. We always find time, no matter how busy we are, to do the things we really, deep down in our hearts, want to do. And then there is the other one which occurs to me, "IF other people only understood me." Very few people use the other IF in connection with this one, and that is, "IF I only understood myself." Don't worry about other people understanding you. The trouble is that other people understand you much better than you think they do. Perhaps because they understand you so well is the reason for your having some of the trouble. If we make it a rule just to understand ourselves, there will be fewer people who misunderstand us. When you boil the whole matter down it comes to this: that all this IF business is quite largely an excuse and an alibi. There *are* honest and legitimate excuses for some of our failures and difficulties, of course. That is perfectly obvious, and there are people who never had much of a chance, and the odds were against them from the start. We all realize that, but it is far from being the general rule. There are many people who feel that the only answer for them in the presence of their own failure is to begin with the making of excuses. When I make an excuse for my own failure I am revealing my own inadequacy.

We are all guilty of overworking this little word IF, and perhaps the most tragic IF of all is the one which begins "IF I could live my life over again!" Tragic indeed it is for anyone to live the kind of life which makes them wish they could live life over again to change it. Live life so that you *really* wish that you might live it over again. But good or bad, there is no way we can live it over again. We must begin where we are now. There is a difference between the phrase "I would like to live my life all over again," and the one "IF I only could live my life over again!" All the difference between triumph and defeat.

So think about these IF'S. IF I had a chance—IF I didn't fear what they would say—IF I were only rich—IF I could only meet the right people—IF I only had improved my opportunities—IF only people didn't get on my nerves—IF I didn't keep house—IF I could save some money—IF the boss only appreciated me—IF only I had someone to help me—IF my family understood me—IF I only lived somewhere else—IF I could only get started—IF my talents were only known—IF I could only get out of debt—IF my family were not so extravagant—IF I were only sure of myself! Take all these IF'S and a thousand more and throw them all out the window—and hang onto *this* one, which is the only IF I know that is worth our best: IF I only had the courage to see and know myself and dared to turn upon myself the white light, and reveal every crevice of my life, so that I might begin in my own heart and in my own life now to create for myself the victory of life to which I am entitled!

Yes, the little word IF has played a big part in all our lives. On a midsummer afternoon many, many years ago, as a little boy, I was playing on the banks of the Shiawassee River that ran through our village. I fell in, and IF an older boy, Alfred Marble, now of Albion, Michigan, had not seen me fall, and as I was being carried on with the current, had not lifted me out of that stream, I would have been drowned at the age of five—but he was there! *IF* a group of rowdies from a little Michigan town, riding out from Detroit on the Grand Trunk, had not become involved in a brawling quarrel which ended up in a fight in a railroad

coach, a young man from Canada, who was sitting in that coach on his way to Grand Rapids, where he hoped to obtain employment in a carriage factory, would not have been subpoenaed as a witness to return to a little village on the railroad, and would never have met a girl whom he married, and I would never have been their son; for he never left that little town, and they both sleep there tonight in the village cemetery.

Ah, the IF'S of life! Let us not use them as alibis for our failures. Let us use them as stepping stones to our victories! P. B.

BOOK CHATS

I HAVE noticed with a great amount of satisfaction the increase of radio programs which are devoted to books. As one who had the first book review on the air and who has often wondered why more radio station managers and sponsors did not realize the interest that people have in books, it is very gratifying to me as a pioneer in book reviewing, that there is such a renewal of interest and so many programs are coming to radio. I have always maintained that there is a great potential listening audience which radio does not reach, because it doesn't offer that particular audience, programs which interest it. As I have frequently discussed this matter with radio people, I have been told that the people who enjoy the cheaper and more shoddy type of radio program are the most vociferous in expressing their appreciation for it. The reason we do not get better radio is because the public doesn't write and inform station managers and sponsors that they desire better programs. When they do, the radio public will get them. Radio stations and owners are a little like politicians. They always have their ears to the ground and they are susceptible and are influenced by written expressions on the part of listeners. There was a time when my own Wednesday evening book broadcast was the only book program on the air in the city of Chicago at any time from any station, and I welcome to the ranks several new programs and new personalities now.

One of the most interesting of all the programs is that which may be heard over station WGN every Saturday evening at 7:30, in a program called "Battle of the Books," in which the distinguished author and poet, Mr. Paul Engle, is the moderator, and the book editor and others associated with the Chicago Sunday Tribune Book Magazine participate. I have not missed hearing this program from its inception. It is always vitally interesting.

Well, now, I am going to attempt to say something about a book which has 26 authors. We are all familiar with the many books which have been published recently with the idea of explaining to the American Public various points of view from the standpoint of the civilian—those of us who remained in the country and did what we could to help win the war, but were not participants in operative war. Now we have a book written with an entirely different point of view—a book entitled "While You Were Gone,"

written by 26 men and women, published by Simon and Schuster, which is a contemporary history of all of us, and about what happened while some millions were outside of the United States on every continent and sea of the globe. It is entitled, as I said a moment ago, "While You Were Gone." The book is an inclusive presentation of all phases and all experiences of our lives during the war; what happened here at home. I know of nothing quite like it that has been published. It is the book that we will want to read and read, and will want to keep the rest of our lives, because it is a record of the most eventful years of all history, and made all the more significant because you and I lived through these years. Joseph H. Ball, active in the field of International cooperation, discusses the battle to prepare sound postwar plans and how it came about. Milton Caniff, who created "Terry and the Pirates," brings us up to date on comics. Norman Corwin, called "the finest writer developed in radio" and whose broadcasts have made radio history tells us what really happened in radio "While You Were Gone." Jonathan Daniels, who knows what went on at the White House, tells what happened in the Presidency, and Paul Gallico, an authority on public opinion, tells us what we talked about during these war years; and Margaret Mead, who is a distinguished American anthropologist and writes "best sellers," one after another, discusses the subject of the women, "While You Were Gone;" and Donald M. Nelson, well known to us all, tells the story of what industry did "While You Were Gone."

Another great publicist and authorative voice in analyzing public opinion, as well as a noted biographer and historian, Allan Nevins, tells us how we felt about the war, and Henry F. Pringle, who was a former official of the office of war information tells us about the war agencies and what their contribution was "While You Were Gone." R. J. Thomas, who is the President of the largest labor union in the world, tells frankly and plainly what he considered labor had to do and did do "While You Were Gone!" And we all know and love to read James Thurber, for his scintillating philosophical humor, who, you will recall, usually interprets and interpolates the ways of the human family, and his contribution circumvents humanity and deals entirely with the subject "What the Animals Were Up To." And Wolcott Gibbs, dramatic critic and New Yorker Editor, tells what happened in the theatre; Lewis Gannett, book editor of the New York Herald-Tribune, tells us about the books that made history during the war.

Charles Hurd and Charles G. Bolte, who know as much as anyone about the Veterans, explain what was done to help them get established and Bosley Crowther, the "Times" film critic, reviews what happened in the movies. Eric Hodgins, a well-known contemporary writer in the magazine field, reviews the war history of what the magazines were saying "While You Were Gone," and Lester Markel, a distinguished editor, does the same for the newspapers; Russell Lord, who is an agricultural expert, tells what the farmers did, and Carey McWilliams, who is an authority on race relations, reviews what we did about them during the war.

Anna W. M. Wolf, and Irma Simonton Black, who are experts in child guidance and observation, tell us what the war did to our children; Raymond Rubicam, retired head of one of the world's largest advertising agencies, reviews what happened to advertising; and, by the way, some of my Chicago readers may remember Dr. Nathaniel

Rubicam, who was a distinguished lecturer here in Chicago some years ago, and who was a very good friend of mine, who is the father of Raymond. Thomas L. Stokes, who was the Pulitzer Prize Winner, and correspondent for 127 newspapers during the war, tells about the Congress, what it was like, its mood and temper and attitude "While You Were Gone." Dr. Gerald Windt reviews what happened in the sphere of science, and the well-known sports editor, of New York, Dan Parker, reviews the world of sports.

There you have it, a book which to know and read will give you a very clear picture of what happened within these United States among ourselves in every area of our lives. This country and all its people have just passed through almost four years of rich experience and we do not realize how rich, until we strike a balance sheet and give it a serious going over, and that's what this book does. Many tragic things happened in those years, but tragedy isn't the whole story. We also had more than our share of exciting things, brilliant things, stupid things, scandalous things and terribly funny things. While these things were happening, much of the United States male population and many of its women as well, were insulated from home-front events by distance. They were gone on urgent business and here is a book that will bring them up to date. And many of the people who were right here all the time were so occupied and dislocated that they simply hadn't the capacity to digest all that was happening. Now we can see it all. *What a book for the returned service men and women! And what a permanent record of us all—the book "While You Were Gone."*

* * *

The people of these United States have always taken great interest in their presidents, and I want to tell you about a book written by the only man who could have written this book —Col. E. W. Starling, who was the secret service man and knew intimately the private and public lives of five presidents of the United States—Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover and Franklin Roosevelt. When Colonel Starling was assigned to the White House he was given one order and that was, "Never let the President out of your sight." This new, fascinating book has just been published, and your reading of it will enable you to have a better understanding of these five men. It will also enable you to understand more fully who they were, why they were what they were, and why they often said what they did. Col. Starling knew the private lives of these five presidents and from the book you will get an entirely new slant on the men who have sat in the mightiest seat in the land and were elected to the highest administrative office in the world—during the past quarter of a century.

There are 328 interesting, unforgetable pages which take you behind scenes in recent history, and tell you the only things about great events that are really worth knowing: what the men were thinking about while they were changing the course of history. The book is entitled "Starling of the White House." Here are a few examples: A description of the moment when Woodrow Wilson signed the World War I Proclamation. "He sat down at the head usher's desk in the White House corridor. 'Give me a pen,' he said 'Use this one,' Mrs. Wilson said. She handed him a gold fountain pen, a gift to her from him. 'Stand by me, Edith,' he asked. By her stood Miss Bones. Directly behind the chair stood Rudolph Forster. I was at the President's left elbow. By me stood

Ike Hoover, holding a blotter. Carefully the President read the tragic document, his jaw set, his countenance grim, then with a firm, unhesitating hand, he wrote, 'Woodrow Wilson."

And here's an interesting quote concerning the tragic Harding: "He was the kindest man I ever knew, but he was weak and he trusted everyone. Harding was ruined by his friends just as Wilson was ruined by his enemes, but the main point is that he should never have been the President of the United States." And here is another interesting sidelight which Col. Starling tells of Coolidge: "On awakening in the morning, he would walk across the upstairs hallway to the Lincoln Room in his long nightgown and slippers. There he would peek out the window to see whether I was on the lawn. I stood there each morning taking my setting-up exercises, while waiting for him. When we returned from our afternoon walks, he would take me to the butler's pantry and make two sandwiches of Vermont cheese, one for himself and one for me. The cheese was as strong as a billygoat, and one day he said to me, 'I'll bet no other President of the United States ever made cheese sandwiches for you.' 'No,' I said, 'it's a great honor.' He added gloomily: 'I have to furnish the cheese, too.' While he changed his clothes I looked through the new Collier's we had just bought. 'I gave somebody a dime one afternoon to buy a Collier's, and I didn't get my nickel back,' he said. 'It wasn't I,' I said. 'I don't know who it was,' he said. 'Somebody owes me a nickel.' 'I don't owe you a nickel,' I said. 'I didn't say you did,' he said. 'I don't know who he was, but he didn't give me back my nickel.' 'Well,' I said, 'it wasn't I.' 'Well,' he said, 'I am not going to do anything about it, but he kept my nickel—he didn't give it back to me.' " And then he tells about the election time: how unexcitable Mr. Coolidge was, and at the inauguration, he says the President was not greatly perturbed about the inauguration. "A few days before it happened, I found him in the basement putting a black cat in a crate with a rooster, just to see what would happen. I could see what he was thinking. Just because he was President of the United States he believed he could get on a horse and miraculously be able to ride. They all do . . . They think the title of President is a magic wand which changes them into great horsemen, great fishermen, great hunters. One day a friend sent me two rock bass still alive. I sent them up to Mr. Coolidge. I expected him to send them to the kitchen to have them served for supper. The next morning he said to me, 'I put my little fishes in my bathtub and they swam around all night. One of them hopped out while I was asleep and Mrs. Coolidge had to come and pick him up in a newspaper and put him back!"

And we have a little sidelight he gives us on Mr. Hoover: "A Congressman sent a huge Maine salmon to the White House by messenger, intending to come up later to be photographed with the fish and the President. Meanwhile efficiency shuttled the fish to the White House kitchen, where its head was removed and it was set aside for cooking. All was chaos. The Congressman wondered what he would say to the folks back home. I felt so sorry for him that I decided to make an attempt at saving the situation. I got a needle and thread, sewed the head back on the fish's body, the picture was taken, and Maine didn't go democratic for three years." An interesting one on Mr. Hoover, too, which I enjoyed: Col. Starling says, "The White House had

been transformed in my absence into a gay place, full of people who oozed confidence and seemed unaware that anything was wrong with the United States." This was on the day Franklin Roosevelt became President. Col. Starling took Mr. Hoover to the Union Station and Mr. Hoover seemed to be the happiest and most confident of them all. "Well," I said, as I shook hands with him, "you never can tell who's going to turn up in the White House."

He goes on with little side lights on them all, including the last one he served, Franklin Roosevelt. And there are also most interesting experiences with the people, unimportant and unknown, who called at the White House to see the President. All in all, the book reveals how much alike we all are, and that our presidents are, after all, just human with the same mixture of good and bad which is to be found in us all. This nation has endured and outlasted good presidents and bad presidents and it will do so in the tomorrows which are before it, for it has a survival value which no one man can possibly destroy or no one man preserve. That task is the common task which belongs to you and to me.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

THIS is the first Peacetime Memorial Day since the World Conflict blew anything like peace to the four winds! Memorial Day means just what the word implies —a memory day—a day to keep the fields of memory green. Our hearts go out to those hallowed spots in foreign lands where lie thousands of our American boys in the soil they fought to free. In hundreds of these cemeteries there are ceremonies and tributes in commemoration of these boys. In Normandy there are nine cemeteries where American soldiers who fell on "D" Day are paid touching tribute today by all the towns and village people for miles around, and flowers and flags are placed on every grave. There is a cemetery in Holland where the first of our American men who fell in Germany were taken for their last resting place, and not only today are flowers placed on the graves there, but the townspeople are divided into groups to go every Sunday with flowers from their gardens as long as there are any. I think that is a nice thing to know about.

A ceremony of music and addresses by Englishmen as well as Americans is taking place this morning in a very large cemetery near London. And here they say it is noticeable that an unusual number of graves are marked with officers' names—and some there are marked simply "unknown"—but there they are—officers and G.I.'s. They fought together—died together, and they lie together, side by side in the peace and quiet of that lovely English countryside. I could feel the atmosphere of it when I heard over the radio, "taps" sounded from there! I couldn't help but think that many lads who lie in those "fields of the little

white crosses" have relatives in other foreign military cemeteries—Verdun—Amiens and others,—quite likely their fathers who never came home in '17 and '18 are there—where the poppies grow! Somehow I always think of these places in far-away lands more than ours at home, on Memorial Day.

For a number of years on this day I have been up North at our Island home, and have spent the day working in the garden, planting seeds, setting out my pansies, digging around the perennials, and pulling every vagrant weed that dared show its head. It seemed a fitting thing to be doing on this day, it all blended with my thoughts and mood, as I recalled those acres of white crosses I have seen throughout Europe—and the many monuments and tombs of "Unknown Soldiers" I have visited. Usually it has been a warm and brilliant day, with the first lilacs coming into bloom and the wild plum trees white with dainty blossoms, and birds singing softly as they flit from branch to branch to locate just the right spot to build for the summer. And today I am here in Chicago, writing in the study, where from the east windows I look out every few minutes at the park—it is all so fresh and lush green —where many children and grown-ups are playing or sitting on the grass, enjoying the feel of the soft grass carpet under their feet, and the sight of green boughs overhead. They are out in large numbers this first summer holiday.

I am awaiting my doctor's consent that I may go to our summer home, and hope to leave before another week passes! There in the pure sweet air of the pines I know I shall gain strength and be well again. The next Mail Bag we will chat about from the Island. Now let us see what is of interest in our letters:

Here is a letter expressing appreciation for Dr. Bradley's work so sincerely and beautifully I think you will enjoy seeing it. It is from Mrs. Louise Trask Conn, who writes:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Although our home has been in Evanston the past few years, due to the nature of Mr. Conn's work and the world war, we have lived in the east a great part of the time. We attend the Science Church when home in Evanston, but when circumstances have prevented our going to church, we always have tuned in to The Peoples Church and have unfailingly received deep inspiration from your messages and likewise from your evening program with its stirring challenges.

"May I say with all sincerity that I have never listened to a speaker who can more vividly and realistically paint life in all of its phases than you can; life with its disillusionments, its pathos; life with its frailties and tragedies, its failures and all the darkness these engulf one in. When you picture life with its joys, successes and victories the emptiness of material wealth alone, from the depth of your deep understanding of God and of his great mercy for mankind, with its weaknesses and sufferings, you explain so very simply the nature of God. His love for all men, how we can find God and serve Him and thereby serve humanity; finally with magnificent appeal and simplicity you then paint with the power of living words, that sing in our ears and mind long after the service is over, the glory of surrendering one's life to God and finding the true values of life.

"Your sermons, each of them that I have heard, are like beautiful and inspiring symphonies, and I want to say 'thank you' Dr. Bradley with thousands of others, for the comfort and inspiration I derive from listening to you. May your splendid work con-

tinue to bless and be blessed. Very sincerely yours."

* * *

The next letter I pick up is so kind and complimentary in its expressions of appreciation of Dr. Bradley's sermons and the services of The Peoples Church, it is obvious this gentleman believes in "sending bouquets to the living"—and he is right—it heartens and helps a lot to hear the good things said of one.

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—Every Sunday morning I comfortably ensconce myself in my armchair and wait impatiently for the Peoples Church to pour their refreshing music and voices over the air. It is comparable to transforming a miserable foggy atmosphere into clear sunshine, in thought and general aspects!

"The Peoples Church, its fundamental definition of unbiased religion is a true interpretation of an immortal example of universal good and purpose! I enjoy every minute of the whole service. You, Dr. Bradley, in my estimation, stand out conspicuously above all other preachers I have heard during my 70 years of life. Your sound, commonsense interpretation of all phases of religion—domestic and world affairs — education in all its phases, is always defined lucidly and eloquently! We, the people, learn and are still learning a great deal from your teachings and guidance. Yours very sincerely, Alfred V. Ming."

* * *

And here is another friendly letter. It makes Dr. Bradley very happy when he hears that he is a helpful or inspiring influence in a busy man's life. Sometimes when the going gets rough and he gets a bit disheartened and wonders if it is worth while after all, I say "Read the Mail Bag again and you'll see!"

Mr. Maddox enclosed a fine little poem, but he did not give the author's name. His letter follows:

"My dear Dr. Bradley:—This letter is not the result of a present intention to write you a line to express my profound admiration of your discourses every Sunday, but of a long standing intention to do just this. Your sermons of late have been the most inspiring influence in my very, very busy life. I often wonder if those in high places ever 'take time out to listen to you.' Those are your words, January, 1940, I believe, and if they do, how can they continue to follow the idiotic course that they now pursue?

"May that power from whose grasp we cannot escape continue to imbue you with courage, life and vitality to continue to speak forth the gospel of hope until the fruits of your messages shall ripen all over the world. Sincerely, David J. Maddox."

And Mrs. Maddox enclosed the following poem:

Prayer for 1945 and Forever

"Anything, God, but hate and war;
I have known it in my day;
And the best it does is to scar your soul
And eat your heart away.
We must know more than hate and war
As the years go reeling on;
For the stars survive
And the Springs survive,
Only man denies the dawn.
GOD—if one prayer be mine
Before the cloud-wrapped end,
I am sick of hate and war,
And the waste it makes—
Let me be my brother's friend."

We will be glad to hear from you during the summer and hope that you will write. We hope, too, that every one of our readers will get some enjoyment out of the lovely summer days and spend as much time as possible out-of-doors. AND—KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS FOR APRIL, 1946

1—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Ill. Fed. W. C. Hotel Sherman
Address. Von Steuben H. S., Parent-Teachers Assoc.

2—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Englewood Kiwanis Club Englewood YMCA

3—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Address. Albany Park B'nai Brith, Albany Park Masonic Temple

4—Radio Address. WGN
Cut Record, WGN
Book Review. Town Club Continental Hotel

5—Radio Address. WGN
Cut record, WGN
Address. Woman's Club Auditorium, Markesan, Wis.

7—Two Services. Peoples Church

8—Radio Address. WGN (E.T.)
Address. Combined Service Clubs, Hotel Tallcorn Marshalltown, Iowa
Address. KFTB, Marshalltown, Iowa
Address. Men's Club 1st Congr. Church, Marshalltown, Ia.

9—Radio Address. WGN
Address, Jamieson PTA, Jamieson School

10—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Conference. General Mills
Book Lecture (Closing) Peoples Church
Board Meeting. Peoples Church

11—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Waukegan University Club, Flora County Club, Waukegan

12—Radio Address. WGN
Address. N. U. Students Technology Institute

14—Two Service Peoples Church

15—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Marshall Field & Co. (A. P. System - 8000 audience)
Noon Sermon—Erlanger Theater
Holy Week Sermon—Peoples Church

16—Radio Address. WGN
Noon Sermon—Erlanger Theater
Sermon—Peoples Church

17—Radio Address. WGN
Sermon—Erlanger Theatre
Sermon—Peoples Church

18—Radio Address. WGN
Noon Sermon—Erlanger Theatre
Sermon—Peoples Church

19—Radio Address. WGN
Noon Sermon—Erlanger Theatre
Sermon—1st Congre. Church

21—Four Services—Peoples Church
Address. Town Forum, Continental Hotel
Radio Address. WGN

22—Radio Address. WGN
Normal School Board Meeting LaSalle Hotel

23—Radio Address (E.T.) WGN
Address. N.Y. Tobacco Table Martinique Hotel, New York City
Attendance at meeting of United Nations Security Council, Hunter College, New York (Meeting with Mr. Stettinius)

24—Radio Address (E.T.) WGN
Luncheon with Dr. J. H. Holmes and Don Harrngton. Visited Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Christ Church (Sockman), Riverside Church (Fosdick)
Address. Annual Banquet, Plastic Institute. Commodore Hotel, N. Y.

25—Radio Address. WGN
26—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Sportsmen's Show Auditorium. Minneapolis, Minn., 8,000 present.
28—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Unitarian Mass - Meeting. Peoples Church
29—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Chamber of Commerce Pontiac, Ill.
30—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Willard Memorial Methodist Church. Oak Park, Illinois

FUNERALS

1—Everett Murphy
2—Lloyd Van Patten
9—Dr. Asbury Laity
14—Memorial Service for Sgt. Edw. H. Bockelman
17—Mrs. Louise Roseander
22—Mrs. Clara Wilde
27—Herman Langschmidt
29—Mrs. Frances M. Harris
30—Julian R. Cosper

WEDDINGS

2—James Conley and Helen Peterson
6—Harry Schmiedel, Jr., and Helen Geraud
Joseph Feber and Lillian Waller
12—Arthur Spagnola and Rena Campbell
13—Duane Thompson and Alice Gilman
20—Leonard Berg and Letha Stull
21—Bert L. W. Menhull and Grace Lawlor
Samuel L. Pidot and Betty Lawrence
27—Louis Langhi and Cele Janderset
Aubrey Compton and Lola Hite
Norman Johnson and Elsie Clemann
R. E. Tennyson and Stephanie Stenavich
Stanley Deaton and Betty Deaton (remarriage)
30—Harold Cameron and Dorothy J. Betson

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church.
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

DR. BRADLEY

to be Heard This Fall Over

WLS and the American Broadcasting Company Network Over 200 Stations

Beginning Monday, September 16th, Dr. Bradley will be heard over the American Broadcasting System (200 radio stations throughout the country) on the "Hymns of All Churches Program" heard in Chicago over WLS at 10:30 every morning, Monday through Friday.

This summer, while in Europe, Dr. Bradley will give a broadcast over the British Broadcasting Company network for the United Kingdom and will be heard in three trans-Atlantic broadcasts for the ABC network, the dates of which are not yet available.

His nightly broadcast, Monday through Friday at 6 o'clock over WGN for the Evans Fur Company will be resumed also on September 16th.

✦ ✦ ✦

Dr. and Mrs. Bradley's Summer Address: Tower, Minnesota.

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

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Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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Adams, LeRoy
Allen, Robert George, Ens.
*Anderson, Frank
Anderson, Harold
Anderson, Norman P.
Andrey, G.
Arms, George F., Stf. Sgt.
Arnopol, Richard Arthur
Ball, Kenneth R.
Bartlett, Tommy
Baumann, Robert
Berglund, William
Berhalter, Howard
Blue, Lloyd, Jr.
Blue, Wayne P.
Bluhm, Arthur
Bluhm, Ben C.
Bluhm, Herbert, Major
Boaz, Charles
Bower, Clyde F.
Brosious, Donald W.
Brosious, Edward P.
Buchanan, James W., Sgt.
Bunn, Robert R.
Burkhard, Gordon Robert
Byron, R. B.
Cappelli, Mario, Jr., Lt.
Carlseen, Howard
Carlton, Rosalie M.
Christ, Frank G.
Code, James
*Crane, Charles C.
Cuzort, James T.
Dahlstrom, Gordon R.
DeWees, William Robert
Droth, Betty
DuMont, Harry
Dwinell, Robert M.
Eddy, George G., Jr.
Edelhart, Marvin I.
Eldred, Robert L., Lt.
Elya, Verl
Eronson, Frans
Estal, Wendel, Cpl.
Ettelson, David
Etter, John T., Jr., Lt.
Faulkner, Donald G., Cpt.
Felch, George
Fishman, Carl Leonard
*Formanek, George, Jr., Lt.
Fortuin, George J.
Fulton, Robert Harry
Fuss, Charles, Cpl.
Fuss, June
Freitag, George
Freitag, John L.
Garner, William C.
Gau, William R.
Gill, Robert E.
Goetz, Fred H., Jr.
Gray, Harry S.
Gregg, Noel Dudley
Gregg, Robert D.
Haban, Andrew, Cpt.
Hagen, John H.
Hangel, Robert L.
Hannum, Robert
Hansen, Harold E.
Hansen, Robert J.
Harbert, Marvyn F.
Harling, Robert, Sgt.
Heg, Winslow
*Killed in action.

Henderson, Tom
Henderson, William
Hendrich, John
Henning, Anne E.
Hobbs, William F., Sgt.
Hoots, Harold W., Cpl.
Hurley, Betty Best
Hurley, William R., Sgt.
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Johnson, Lawrence
Jones, Lincoln H.
Kastner, Howard H.
Kemper, Calvin C.
Kiltz, Elwood E.
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Klippel, Winifred
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Kosner, James, Cpl.
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Kredler, Arthur J., Jr.
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Kreutzer, Fred H., Lt.
Kruskopf, George E.
Langley, Philip
Lantz, Huber C., Cpl.
LaPointe, J. C.
Larsen, Vincent William
Lauletta, June Blair
Lawson, Roy O., Sgt.
Leffler, Ruth
Lehnert, William A.
Lichtenebert, Rudolph
Maddox, Don, Cpl.
Marsh, Carlton H., Lt.
Mason, Frank J.
McCord, Sarah Parks
Merrick, Jay
Merrill, Leslie
Meyer, James H., Capt
Meyer, Kurt
Meyer, Robert H.
Miles, Mark Alan
Miller, Harold R.
Miller, John M.
Miller, Richard
Miller, Richard B.
Miller, Roger
Molzahn, W. A.
Moore, Florence M.
Moran, Walter
Mostek, Raymond
Murphy, Robert J.
Myers, William V., Sgt.
Needham, Daniel Arthur
Nelson, Harry G.
Nelson, Howard C.
Nonnenbruch, Edw. W., Cpt.
Norris, Donald J.
Novotny, Anton
Oldenburg, Forrest A.
Olson, Robert
*Osterberg, Robert
Paige, Charles
Palmer, Earl
Palo, Alfred C.
Palo, Clarence W.
Palo, Douglas L.
Parlette, William H.
Paschal, Edward
Perfumo, Leo A.
Pfaff, Henry, Jr.
Philbrick, Betty

Phillips, James E.
Phillips, Jim
Plumley, Robert
Plummer, Pauline M., R.N., 2nd Lt.
Poquette, Robert E.
Post, Clee S., Sgt.
Proud, Kurt, Lt.
Quesnall, Arthur
*Randall, Tabor Charles
Replogle, Jacob Estes
Riley, Lester G.
Roof, James H.
Rowley, L. C.
Rowley, Yale W.
Salamon, Rudolph E.
Sauser, Martin
Sauser, William
Schneller, James, Sgt.
Schnorr, Robert K.
Scholler, Robert W., Ens.
Schroeder, William
Schulten, Marjorie, Lt.
Schumacher, Arthur
*Sexton, Walter Scott
Shoberg, J. Bryant
Shurman, Frank M.
Sipe, Clinton R.
Smith, Donald Seth
Smith, George John
Stippe, Robert C.
Strand, Philip R.
Strand, Richard P.
Sweet, Mary Louise
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Terry, Duane R.
Thomas, Theodore Gaillard
Thompson, Jean
Tilles, Marie
*Tinling, H. John
Toepfer, Arthur E.
Vespermann, Bruce W.
Victorin, James R.
Voigtritter, Carl W.
Wagner, Foster
Walker, Leslie J.
Walska, Charles
Walters, William James
Weeger, Robert
Wegner, Gerhard
Weinberg, Sidney
Wendland, Robert John
Wenger, William J.
Wentz, Howard, Cpl.
Wesche, Charles, Jr.
Wesche, Orville
White, George A.
*Widener, Virgil Drew
Wiederer, Elmer Michael
Wiggins, Robert H.
Wilkins, E. J.
Willeumier, Henry
Willeumier, Mary
Williams, Arthur J.
Williamson, W. Ross
Wilson, Andrew C.
Wood, Robert, Jr.
Wood, Thomas, Jr.
Woods, Daniel Jack
Woods, James W., Jr.
Woods, Tom Lee
Yarrington, Mary Alice
York, Carroll D., Cpt.
Yous, Donald, Cpt.

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD).....11:00 a.m.
Closing Sunday Service, Sunday morning, June 9th, 34th Anniversary Service.
Dr. Bradley's subject: "A TIME FOR GREATNESS."
Church re-opens for Sunday morning services, September 15th.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Re-opens first Sunday in November).. 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall... 9:30 a.m.
Closing Sunday, June 9th—Re-opens September 15th.

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES (Re-open First Wednesday in November)..... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday Evening—Church Auditorium 7:30 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB—Corresponding Secretary, Miss Mabel E. Byrnes, 1252 Glenlake Ave. (40) Bri. 5308.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—Corresponding Secretary, Miss Grace Rozanski, 1434 Thome Ave. (26) Bri. 6914.

MEN'S CLUB—Secretary, Earl S. Neindorf, 1517 School St., Lak. 7267.

USHERS' CLUB—Secretary, Karl H. Lemke, 3536 N. Bosworth Ave. Bit. 3764.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—
J. Bradley-Griffin, Director; Mary Clarke, Sec.-Treas., 1642 N. Clark Street, Mic. 7766.
(See Special Schedule, page 22 of this issue.)

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY of The Mary Bartelme Club—Miss Mary Nordstrom, Sec.-Treas., 7737 W. Hortense (31) New 7185.

PRESTON BRADLEY VETERANS ORGANIZATION—Rosalie Carlton, Adj. 4528 N. Winchester Av., Edg. 4285.

CHOIR—President, Henry D. Ferguson, 2617 W. Berwyn Ave. (25) Sun. 2582.

Dr. Bradley's Summer Radio Schedule

Beginning Sunday, June 16th and until church re-opens in the fall, Dr. Bradley will be heard every Sunday by electrical transcription WJJD .....11 to 11:15

DIRECTORY

THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

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